

We'd put Bambino's curse to rest once and for all."

But then Ortiz let fly a homer, to the wonderment of all.

And Johnny Damon, bases loaded, tore the cover off the ball.

And when the dust had lifted on that memorable night

We had come back from three games down, the Curse was in our sights.

Then from all of Red Sox Nation's throats there rose a wild call,

It echoed on the Common, it shook Faneuil Hall.

It pounded on the River Charles, and splashed upon the Bay.

The Yankees were all through, kaput, a World Series we would play.

And they rolled out to St. Louis, jewel of the Midwest.

The Cards had won their league with ease, but now they faced a test.

Were they ready for the Boston boys? The town was dressed in red.

The fans could not be nicer, the team was so well led.

But the Red Sox took the first three games, competing nobly one and all.

They overcame their errors, they answered every call.

And as Game Four proceeded, and a Series win now loomed,

All New England shivered with the thought we might still be doomed.

Henry shifted in his seat, Hope in Werner burned,

Epstein checked his numbers, Lucchino's stomach churned.

What deus ex machina would fall down from the sky?

What Bucky Dent-Bill Buckner ghost might steer things all awry?

Keith Foulke climbed up upon the mound, ball burning in his hand.

The Curse stepped up to face him, to make a final stand.

There was ease in the Curse's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Bambino's bearing, a smile on the Curse's face.

And when, responding to his fans, he lightly doffed his hat,

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas the Curse at the bat.

A nation's eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt.

60,000 tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.

Then, while Foulke rubbed the ball into his shifty hip,

Defiance flashed in the Curse's eye, a sneer curled on his lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,

And the Curse stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.

Close by the portly batsman the ball unheeded sped—

"I just can't hit that," said the Curse.

"Strike one!" the umpire said.

From the canyons of Manhattan, there rose a muffled roar.

New York fans were screaming, "Would the Curse really be no more?"

"Kill him, kill the umpire," they shouted in Yankee land.

The Curse looked smug. In 86 years the Curse had never fanned.

With a smile of overconfidence, the Curse's visage shone.

He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on.

He signaled the Red Sox closer, and once more the dun sphere flew,

But the Curse couldn't hit it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"It's over," thought the Cardinals fans, who are brought up so well.

But the Curse gave a scornful look and an eerie silence fell.

They saw his face frown stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain.

And they really thought the Curse wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer has fled from the Curse's lip, the teeth are clenched in hate.

He pounds, with cruel violence, his bat upon the plate.

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,

And now the air is shattered by the force of the Curse's blow.

Oh, all across this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The band is playing happily and our hearts are oh so light.

And Red Sox Nation smiles and laughs, and little children shout.

And there is pure joy in Beantown—

The Curse has struck out.

IN HONOR OF FRANK CARINE, JR.

HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 7, 2004

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Frank Carine, Jr., for his outstanding public service and demonstrated commitment to community participation and leadership. He was named the 2004 Honoree of the Year by the Sicilian Citizens Club on October 23, 2004, in Bayonne, NJ.

Mr. Carine has dedicated more than 27 years of his life to law enforcement. His service includes time on the municipal, county, and federal law enforcement teams. For the past 18 years, he has worked with the U.S. Department of Justice and Drug Enforcement Agency and is currently a Supervisory Special Agent in the Newark, NJ, division.

Within the law enforcement community, Mr. Carine has established himself as an exceptional leader as a three-term president of the Federal Law Enforcement Officers Association, New Jersey Chapter 2. His leadership abilities are also clearly demonstrated through his positions as vice-president of the Nicholas Capodice Association, secretary for the Holy Family Father Club, executive board member of the Sicilian Citizens Club, and chairman and co-chairman of fundraisers for the Boy Scouts of America.

In addition to his years of public service, Mr. Carine has contributed his time and energy to helping others, including coaching Bayonne youth soccer teams. His extensive community involvement includes being a third degree member of the Knights of Columbus Council 371, as well as a member of the Italian American Police Society of New Jersey, the Federal Agents PBA local 121, and the Honor Legion of the Police Departments of New Jersey. In addition, he serves on the Annual Blue Mass Committee for the Archdiocese of Newark and the Hudson Liberty District Committee.

Mr. Carine was born and raised in Bayonne, New Jersey. He received his bachelor's degree in criminal justice from New Jersey City University (formerly Jersey City State College) and graduated from the New Jersey State Po-

lice Academy in Sea Girt, NJ, and the DEA/FBI Academy in Quantico, VA.

Today, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring Frank Carine, Jr., for his years of dedicated service to law enforcement and his significant contributions to the community.

TRIBUTE TO TERRY MELCHER

HON. SAM FARR

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 7, 2004

Mr. FARR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Terry Melcher, a prominent record producer and songwriter and a personal friend of mine, who recently passed away. I send the deepest sympathies to his wife, Terese, his son, Ryan, and his mother, Doris Day.

Anyone who knew Terry would claim that he was a talented man. He started his career in the music industry as a solo singer, but later he and future Beach Boy Bruce Johnston paired up and formed the group Bruce & Terry. They made several hits together and then went on to become part of the group, the Rip Chords. Together the Rip Chords recorded the 1964 hit, "Hey, Little Cobra".

Also, during this successful time, Terry's career included producing. He produced the top selling version of Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" and others, including the Byrds' "Turn, Turn, Turn" while with Columbia Records. He also worked his magic with the Mamas and the Papas, Wayne Newton, Paul Revere and the Raiders and Ray Cooder. In addition to his work Terry took time to be involved in the community; he was a board member of the Monterey Pop Foundation and a producer of the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. This event rose to fame as stars such as Jimi Hendrix, The Who, Janis Joplin and Otis Redding emerged onto the national scene.

However, Terry was probably best known for his work with the Beach Boys, who once recorded an album at his studio in Carmel Valley. Terry co-wrote the song "Kokomo" and performed on their album "Pet Sounds". "Kokomo" was used in the movie "Cocktail", where it garnered a Golden Globe nomination in 1988 for best original song.

Terry continued his involvement with entertainment throughout his life and was the executive producer of his mother's shows: "The Doris Day Show", on CBS from 1968 to 1972 and then later, in the mid-80's, "Doris Day's Best Friends". He continued his involvement in the community and helped run his mother's charitable activities, including the Doris Day Animal Foundation. He was also a supporter of the Boy Scouts of America and the Monterey County Sheriff's Office.

Mr. Speaker, Terry Melcher was a man who shared his gift of music with others and valued the Central Coast community. I would again like to extend my deepest sympathies to Terry Melcher's family at their loss.